# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXVI. DECEMBER, 1917 No. 7

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 7.

A CHRISTMAS CARMEN . . . . . 73
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER . . . . . 73
CHRISTIANITY, THE IMPERSONATION OF THE LOVE THAT IS IN GOD . . . . . 74
THE STILL HOUR . . . . . 77
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB . . . . . 77
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL . . . . . 80
NATURAL HISTORY:—
"FILAX," FRIEND OF THE SOLDIER . . . . . 81
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—
THE SNOW IMAGE: A CHILDISH MIRACLE . . . 81
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN . . . . . 82
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE . . . . . 84
IMPORTANT NOTICES . . . . . 84

## *A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.*

I.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

II.

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of love
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations:
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

III.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

## *THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.*

Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there.
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner—oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation:
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved it a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

ADDITIONAL VERSE, BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her glory!
By the millions unchained who our birthright have gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

---

## *CHRISTIANITY, THE IMPERSONATION OF THE LOVE THAT IS IN GOD.*

*"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."*—MATT. v. 17.
*"Love is the fulfilling of the Law."*—ROM. iii. 10.

Volumes have been written in the attempt to define the "Peculiarities of Christianity." It was taken for granted that it must have an unique essence, whereas its distinction is in having an unique fulfilment. It was forgotten that its supreme characteristic, Catholicity—the intuitive recognition of its intrinsic beauty by every soul that is alive—its power, wherever it can show its presence, to kindle life in souls that before seemed dead—are inconsistent with unshared attributes, with the isolation of a nature separated from the fundamental aptitudes and sympathies of humankind. Nothing that is catholic can be peculiar, except in the degree in which it developes and harmonizes common properties.

Christianity has its crowning distinction; but this does not consist in introducing new elements into the spiritual world; it consists in perfecting, above all in impersonating, what was already there. Christ came to make all things new; but renewal is not innovation or reversal; it is exactly the opposite; it is building upon the ancient foundations, it is growth from the original stock. Christianity is not the root of whatever is good in human nature, for that was in it from the beginning, its inspiration and its law; nor is it the flower, the promise of the complete outcome, for that also was before in saints and prophets and all good men's lives; it is the consummation, the full rounded fruit, and that never was before, and, except approximately, alas! never has been since. Christ introduced no new germ into the human constitution; man was made in God's image; he combined the elements in a symmetry only foreshadowed as an ideal until he showed it in the actual, and quickened the real, ruling, nature that is in us into consciousness and tension by revealing in life the end for which we all are living. Christ came not to preach any new doctrine, but to make the Truth, the everlasting gospel of the life of God in the soul of man, known in its substance, in its concrete presentation.

If asked to declare, what then is distinguishing in Christianity, we can only say that Christ is the earthly fulfilment of our universal vocation, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." This is the function of the Son of Man, to give men their Heavenly Father, the Father whom he knew, the God with whom he lived in communion, in the personal relations of spirit with spirit. To teach theologies would have been no new thing; to preach theologies in the belief that through them we are making acquaintance with realities, is an occupation and an illusion of which the world never wearies; but to have the living God mirrored in a human soul, as face answers to face in a glass, this was not the old work of announcing abstract truths about God, it was to reveal God Himself. We have no means of knowing God except by knowing His image in our own nature. The knowledge of God was lost to the world, because the image of God had been lost out of the soul. Christ, through obedience to the inward promptings, kept the mirror pure, without flaw or soil, and so manifested the Father in the Son. There is no other mirror, to which we have access, in which He can spiritually be seen as He is. Other mirrors, as those of outward Nature, are dead mirrors which have to convey their symbols to a living soul, there to be interpreted. How could we know God if we saw Him only in the reflection of a soul that is itself unclean, clouded, distorted? If there had been no unsoiled mirror, we could have known God under no adequate living type. "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also." "We, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the

same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

If, in addition to being the Truth in living presentation, impersonating in himself our spiritual relations to God and man, it is maintained that Christ came into the world to teach new doctrines, it is a simple test to ask, "What new doctrines?" Not the doctrine of God's Unity, for that was the central light of Hebrew inspiration. Not the doctrine of His Providence: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." Not the doctrine of His Spirituality: "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me." Not the doctrine of His holy Spirit communing with our spirit, and purifying the fountains of our life: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy holy Spirit from me." Not the doctrine of Immortality: there was a class among the Jews marked off by its disbelief, and to them Christ deemed it enough to say that the words they used implied the doctrine they denied: "He is not God of the dead, but of the living." Not the doctrine of His universal Fatherhood: "God created man in His own image;" and St. Paul told the Athenians it was in the heathen poets, known of all men, because there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. Not the doctrine that there is no acceptable Worship but spiritual service: "Sacrifice and offering Thou didst not desire: burnt-offering and sin-offering Thou hast not required. I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart." Not the doctrine of religious Duty, with inexhaustible springs in the affections and the will: for the precept is of old, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbor as thyself." No; God did not begin to be the Father of Spirits in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius. If, then, every spiritual truth had from Him a witness in the soul before, what was reserved for Christ? What glory remained for him? The glory of accomplishment; the glory of fulfilment; the glory of being the holy child and fellow-worker of whom saints and prophets had felt the possibility and spoken; the glory of the obedience of Love, through which the Father and the Son were one.

Doubtless, if we pass out of the region of religion into the region of theologies, we readily find men declaring that Christ taught new doctrines about God. And here is exactly the test of what does, and of what does not, belong to the realities of Revelation. Nothing belongs to the revelation that is in Christ which had not first a witness within the spirit through the whisper of the Father. Any doctrine that is not a fulfilling of the Law that is in our nature, of the Prophets that are in our souls, of which the Holy Spirit gave no hint from the beginning, may be true or may be false, but it belongs to theology, not to religion—it comes through the speculating intellect, not from the inspired soul. To the order of spiritual life already in the world, divinely given in its essence and its forecastings, Christ added nothing except—mark the grandeur of the exception—its completion. He was not the seed of our eternal life—that is from the Holy Spirit; he was the life itself made manifest. "I am come to fulfil;" "I am come that ye might have life, more and more abundantly." It is not that God began to be our Father in Christ, but that in Christ a Son was found, in all things loving, in all things trusting, in all things obedient. Then for the first time the world saw, in the living form of holy Love, the image in which we are made.

If we accept it as the distinction of Christ that he was the impersonation of God's holy love in humanity, we still desire to know how his character was generated. How did it come into existence? Out of what fountains did it flow? Our proper perfectness is relative to the perfectness that reveals itself to us. Is there any principle of feeling and of purpose in us which, by responding to God at every point where He touches us, would develope in us also, in elemental fulness, the image in which we were made? There is only one spring of spiritual life common to us and to God—love for what is good and holy. Perfect love is the essence of the Father; and to impersonate in human conditions and limitations the love breathed from the fountain Spirit the glory of Sonship, the substance of Christianity, the definition of Christ as revealer of God to man, and of man to himself. No new religious doctrine, capable of being conveyed in words, can be referred to Christ. His greatness is that, through the grace given him and the grace of his obedience, he was the reflected fulness of the love that is in God. It was not the affection of love working from itself, but love for God as He personally exists within the soul, that generated the character of

Christ. Love is not abstract, no self-developed sentiment: it is an affection meeting the kindling touch of a living person, acted upon and drawn forth by the properties of that person. What might we become if the spring of spiritual love in us was acted upon by the properties, the personal approaches, of God, to the extent of the susceptibilities given to us? We might become as Christ. It is not that we have the image of God in us as an acorn has the image of an oak, and that we grow as the oak grows, from its environment, but that we have capabilities of feeling and responding to God's Spirit which, through the constraining energies of love, conform us to Himself. With us, too, according to our measure of assimilating love, "Whatsoever the Son seeth the Father do, these things doeth the Son likewise." "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Christ did not give the vague, formless, unsubstantial answer, "Thou shalt love:" but "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God"—not with one part, but with every part of the nature to which He personally commends Himself—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,"—as we must do if we love the Father of us all. Now that, as a precept, was known before. But supposing the precept to be kept, what manner of men should we become, what is the human image this inspiring Love would give? That was not known. That was the question reserved for Christ to answer, not in words, for it cannot be answered in words, but in living manifestation as the incarnate Revelation. The end of Revelation is Life, is Character. Through the obedience of love, to be the Character that is the end of Revelation is the differentia of Christ, the substance and definition of Christianity. To meet this by raising a metaphysical question as to the possibility of perfectness in a human being, or in any being short of God, is altogether away from the mark, the betrayal of a half-hearted faith, the disowning of a full discipleship from a shallow form of unbelief. The question is not of the finality of man or angel; and there is no question, as to the originality, or the completeness, of the Christian type of life. "God, who in divers portions, and in diverse manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us in His Son, who is the effulgence of His glory, and the very image of His substance." In no other way is it possible to define the peculiarity of Christ. He is the light that is in us when it has become life; the inspiring love when it is impersonated.

If still we are asked, How came this?—how came Christ to be an unique pattern of the life that is offered to us all?—we can only answer, That is the mystery not only of his, but of every other individuality. What makes one man differ from another in the type of his being? It is the secret of all personality. It is true of every genuine life, that it is hid, like Christ's, in God. We all potentially are what by the grace of God we might be. He did what we do not: he used the grace of God. How is it that one man differs from another in the holiness of his will? It is the same mystery. How is it that men seem to take equal delight in God, with their hearts, with their minds, with their souls,—and yet not love Him alike, or at all, with their strength, with their Will, with the great energetic powers that must become what they love, or else loathe themselves, and tremble and shudder at their own hollowness?

What, then, are the considerations mainly concerned in the question, "What is it to be a Christian?" The distinctest and fullest answer to which words are adequate was given by Christ: "Be ye perfect, as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." The concrete answer was in his own personality, the reality of life which no statement of doctrines, no articles of belief, though they were all true and all accepted, could compass or picture. In spiritual substance it is to have "the same mind in us that was also in Christ Jesus." It is to seek and serve God in the faith and hope which perfect love creates, delivered from the fear which perfect love casts out. It is to live in His presence; to watch for His visitings; to know through the depths of our being that a holy God who loves us must hold us responsible for our faithfulness to the quickenings of His grace; it is to have the large bountifulness of heart, and where possible of hand, of the children of Him who causes His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and makes His rain to fall upon the just and upon the unjust; it is that fulfilment of the old commandment which makes the commandment ever fresh, in dear acknowledgment of claims that never can be cancelled, debts of the heart's own making, always being registered anew against itself: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another,—as I have loved you, that ye love one another;" it is the love which cannot dem

itself as God cannot deny Himself, and so will refuse no service and will countenance no wrong; which can urge its dearest upon solitude, suffering, privations, sacrifice, and death, if through these is their fellowship with Him who blesses ever and in all ways, but who will not go with us in anything that brings spiritual hurt, and will not spare us in anything that brings spiritual good.

It is but in a poor measure that any of us are Christians, in all the susceptibilities and in all the works of Love, in the vast range of its spirit from adoring humility for ourselves before God to self-forgetting enthusiasm for the kingdom of heaven; but it is in the power of us all more and more to draw our being from the Holiest known to us, breathing in us or realized for us,—and by the most infallible and Christ-like way—the surest, the sweetest, and the humblest—to make earthly life more and more heavenly, worshipping in spirit and in truth by honouring and serving our Father in honouring and serving His children.—*John Hamilton Thom.*

## THE STILL HOUR.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies:
On him we wait.
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh:
God save the State.

## THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., tel. Quincy 1140.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Apply to Mrs. R. H. Loomis, 102 Lake View Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. "Outline Lessons in Botany," Newell; "Power Through Repose," Annie P. Call; "Four American Leaders," Charles W. Eliot; "Confessions of St. Augustine"; "The Power of an Endless Life," Sermons (Chadwick); "Nature and Life," Collyer; "The Mind of the Child," Pryor; "Crowds," Gerald Stanley Lee; "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Five Years in an English University," Bristed; "Letters Between W. E. Channing and Miss Aikin"; "Looking Toward Sunset" (on growing old); "Lord Shaftesbury," Traill; "Lucille," Meredith; "Poems," Shelley; "Friendship," Hugh Black; "Ecce Homo," Seely; "Work and Play," Bushnell; "In Memoriam," Tennyson.

REQUESTS.

1. As the Christmas season approaches, I again ask if the Cheerful Letter friends can help me with our tree for the little ones as of yore. The present war conditions leave so many at home who would have nothing in other ways. Reading of all kinds and music together with pieces for patchwork can be used to advantage. I thank all who have contributed in the past. My express and freight address is Hartland, Maine. Post-office is St. Albans. Mrs. Oscar L. Blaisdell.

2. I thank all my Cheerful Letter friends who have remembered me in any way. It is impossible for me to write to each one separately, although my love goes out to each and every one. All reading is appreciated, and passed on to other lonely friends. Any scraps would be of help to me this winter. I hope my friends will remember my two little children also. Address Mrs. Creasie Marshall, Foster Falls, Virginia.

3. Will some one please send *Youth's Companion* to Wallace de Nux, Echo Rapids Parish, Louisiana?

4. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Thornville, Ohio, Route 5, a helpless, bedridden invalid and great sufferer, gets so lonely. Please remember her during the holidays with books, cards, and cheerful letters.

5. I come asking for any good reading suitable for myself and little sister. I should appreciate any kind of pieces for patchwork. My reference is J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. Address Miss Effie E. Hall, care of Mrs. B. J. Hall, Elamsville, Virginia.

6. Good stories and novels will be appreciated. I have a mother and five sisters

who like to read very much, and a baby sister and brother who like to have the stories, suitable for children, read to them. My father is dead. I am twenty years old, and should enjoy corresponding with some one near my age. I will pass reading on to some one else. Address Lena M. Turner, Woolwine, Patrick County, Virginia.

7. I should like to have some literature suitable for my children to read. I have six children, three boys (aged three, fourteen, and sixteen years) and three girls (aged eight, ten, and twelve). I live in a lonely place; should like to correspond with some one. Reference Rev. J. S. Harris, Oakboro, North Carolina. Address Mrs. D. R. Kennedy, Oakboro, North Carolina.

8. Mrs. Mary Steele, Long Island, Kansas, will be grateful for books, as they are trying to start a Library in their little town.

9. Miss Myrta Esbaugh, Tionesta, Pennsylvania, writes that her mother is confined to her bed with neuralgia of the heart, and that she herself has been suffering more than usual. She gives most grateful thanks to those who have remembered her.

10. Since the advent of the American Occupation in Haiti our missionary activities are meeting with very encouraging results. But a contingency has arisen for which we are wholly unprepared. There is not only a great demand on the part of the more intelligent natives for a proper knowledge of English, but the absence of any reading-room in the city furnishes the native Americans, especially the soldiery, with no other alternative than to frequent the saloons. Our school is committed to this pioneer work in the community. We are therefore asking you, through the courtesy of *The Cheerful Letter*, to assist us in furnishing a nucleus for this worthy enterprise. I am pastor of the St. Paul Methodist Church. December will make it four years since we came here from the States. You will do us a great favor if you will also send us some Sunday School Quarterlies for a year, as well as some Christian Endeavor Topic Cards. The Sunday School Quarterlies we are now getting cannot supply our needs. We shall accept gratefully whatever books you can send us, together with *The Cheerful Letter*. Should you decide to help us, Messrs. Hutlinger & Struller, of New York City, will ship same to us if you inform them of the missionary character of your consignment. I pray God's rich blessing upon you in all your noble undertakings. S. Ebhurchstone Lord, Institute Handy, Port au Prince, Haiti.

11. Mrs. John R. Harris, Pedlar Mills, Virginia, sends grateful thanks to those who have sent her reading. The winter days will soon be here and lonely, as she has three small children to keep in doors and she is far from neighbors. Her brother, Richard Watts Pleasants, Company I, 317th Infantry, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia, will be glad of reading, which he will share with the boys.

12. Arvie L. Jones lives in the country nine miles from the railroad, and she will appreciate any kind of reading, or scraps for patchwork. Address her at Tellico Plains, Tennessee.

13. I should be glad to receive any books or papers, and should like scraps of any kind for patchwork. I have four little children, two boys seven and five years and one little girl two years old, and baby four and a half months old. God bless you all! Evie A. Bell, Athens, Texas.

14. I should be so glad if some one would pass the *Delineator* along to me. I wish to thank each and every one again and again for the nice quilt pieces and reading they have sent me. Address Mrs. Tom Hancock, Timmonsville, South Carolina.

15. Mrs. Annie Simpson, Farmville, Virginia, asks for story papers or magazines, for the long winter evenings.

16. Mrs. H. G. Burch, Sandidges, Virginia, Route 2, will be grateful for *Woman's Home Companion*, or *The American* for the coming year.

17. Helen Heikkine, Angora, Minnesota, R. D. 1, Box 14, writes they are starting a Sunday-school under the direction of Rev. R. Lappalo of Virginia, Minnesota, and asks for books and papers for the teachers and pupils.

18. Mrs. Gertrude Gamble, Box 43-B, Britton, Oklahoma, will appreciate a good book,—"is a lover of good literature."

19. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan, is anxious to have the address of the person sending her the *Designer*. She asks for "Laddie" and "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

20. Mrs. Tinnie McLindon, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 21, mother of five children, oldest nine years, asks for "Mother Goose."

21. Will you please send reading matter to a teacher in a remote neighborhood? Address Miss Kate V. Harper, Copper Hill, Virginia.

22. Mrs. J. A. Staton, Sandidges, Virginia, R. 2, Box 15, asks for books and pictures for her children, two boys and three girls, from twelve years to twelve months.

23. Mrs. Ella Hay, Locust Grove, Oklahoma, an elderly woman, will appreciate reading, especially asking for "Ben Hur" and "Life of Christ."

24. Miss Lottie Webb, Coker Creek, Tennessee, will be glad of magazines.

25. Mrs. A. W. Howell, Morven, North Carolina, a lonely farmer's wife, five miles from the nearest town, asks for reading for her family with five children from seventeen to ten years.

26. I shall be glad to receive any kind of reading. I live in the country with my father and mother, one sister, and one brother. I shall be glad to hear from any of the Cheerful Letter friends. Address Miss Roxie Litte, Oakboro, North Carolina.

27. Mrs. S. E. Harbell, Oakboro, North Carolina, asks for Bible stories.

28. I have received a number of books from the Club members and have appreciated them very much. I'm teaching fourth and fifth grades in the city school here. Should like to exchange literature, methods, etc., with any teacher. Any book or paper that would help me in my work I should be glad to receive. I shall be glad to write any one about our "Sunny South." Archie B. Quin, Pascagoula, Mississippi.

29. I thank all who have given me reading through *The Cheerful Letter*. I am teaching school this winter; have a large attendance—forty-five on the roll, aged from five to seventeen. I would like to ask the Cheerful Letter friends to help me prepare for Christmas. I want to have an entertainment, also a tree for my pupils. Anything sent me for the purpose would be much appreciated. I need pieces for recitations, dialogues, anything in reading-matter will be acceptable, as I am away from home and can make use of such in my spare moments, which are often lonely. Address Miss Fannie Brammer, Route 4, Floyd, Virginia.

30. There are so many calls for different things this year, I hesitate to ask for help with my Christmas which I have had for so many years, but I dislike for my band to be disappointed and thought perhaps some of you might have things you could spare. We are glad to get anything, even old post-cards, magazines, or old books. The old ladies are just as pleased as can be to receive a few pieces for quilts. I thank the friend who is sending us the *Geographic Magazine*. We are glad of any reading and pass it on to others. Let us all pray that peace may soon come to our own and the distressed countries of Europe. God bless you all. Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Georgia, R.F.D. 3, Colquit County.

31. *Popular Mechanics* is asked for by Worth Sale, Ronda, North Carolina.

32. I receive *The Cheerful Letter* each month and should be glad to receive the *National Geographic Magazine* and *The Youth's Companion*. I live twenty miles from town, out in the country, and get lonesome. We have mail once a week. Mrs. Sarah A. Rose, Arvada, Wyoming.

33. Mrs. Urlina Smith, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 3, would appreciate a book or any reading to help pass the long winter evenings. She has an aged husband to care for and cannot go out. She would like a correspondent, and gives for reference A. C. Davis, Marshville.

34. I am a farmer's wife and have three children. I hope some one will remember us with something suitable for them to read: "Robinson Crusoe," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "Black Beauty," and cards would be highly appreciated. The oldest girl is twelve, the boy nine, and the youngest a girl five. Anything old or new, as we are unable even to buy paper. Letters from some one would be a help to me, as my health is very poor. Address Mrs. George Crisco, Oakboro, North Carolina.

35. I thank the friends who have sent me books and other reading during the summer, especially the one who sends *The Metropolitan*, and hope to be remembered during the coming winter. I will be very glad to re-

ceive a copy of "Ben Hur" and any book giving a history of Mary Pickford, also copies of *The Youth's Companion*. Will be thankful for patchwork pieces for my mother. We have had a little brother added to our family since I wrote to *The Cheerful Letter* before, making eight of us now, four girls and four boys. Miss Evelyn Swain, Vinton, Virginia.

36. With many thanks to the readers of *The Cheerful Letter* for literature sent me in the past, I now ask for more, and shall appreciate some children's papers, also books for children—small children, and children in the grammar grades. Besides, I shall appreciate copies of "The Harvester," by Gene Stratton-Porter; any of the works of Whittier, Longfellow, Edgar Allan Poe, or William Cullen Bryant; any good translation of the Odyssey and the Iliad; small Bibles; dictionaries; any of Dickens' works; *St. Nicholas, Fashion Magazine, Art Magazine*, and other periodicals. It helps me in my work as teacher. Please send by mail or parcel-post, as I am some eight or ten miles from the railroad. Address Miss Sue Hardie, R.F.D., Hardy, Franklin County, Virginia.

37. I have been having several numbers of *The Cheerful Letter* sent me. I was very glad to get them and have enjoyed them. I should like some magazines and will send a list of some of those I should like, hoping I may get one or more from among them; *The Metropolitan, Ladies' Home Journal* for 1917, *The Woman's Home Companion*, or any other good magazine. I have noticed that some give references. I have been a member of the Shut-in Society since 1893. Although not confined to my bed in a dark room, as I was for many years, I am still a shut-in, cannot use my eyes very much, but can read a little at times. Am much alone and get very lonely. Address Mrs. Minta G. Page, Ripley Road, Dexter, Maine.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Sarah Gilbert is now at 805 Elm Street, Atlantic, Iowa.

Rev. C. A. Ashby is now at Raleigh, North Carolina.

Mrs. M. B. Smith is now at Sunnyside, Texas.

DEATHS.

It is with sorrow we record the death of Mrs. Lew C. Hill of Boston, who for so many years was a devoted worker and endeared herself to her many correspondents.

NOTICE.

The Book Club secretary again calls attention to the notice that no contributions will be accepted unless written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

---

## *THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.*

Lately a trained nurse said to me that she thought men were much more difficult to take care of in illness than women. This remark was caused by having heard her sister, also a trained nurse, say that a gentleman to whom she had just gone had lost his previous nurse who had remained only one day on account of his temper. Lately I also heard of a family where the husband was ill and had had forty nurses in a short space of time!

This led me to think how much harm is done by not teaching boys self-control. If a boy is not taught when a child to control his temper, he is seriously handicapped in later life, when he needs the most care and attention from others. Parents are apt to think the child will outgrow his irritable temper, but often it is not the case. One hour in the morning is here more important than two later in the day. It is a real cruelty to a boy to neglect what may save him much suffering and also his wife and children. We often see a man with an irritable temper but with a kind heart. The portrait of such a one is given in Trollope's Autobiography; a worse one still is given in Hamerton's "Sad Story of His Childhood."

I once knew a mother who felt very badly because her son was sometimes cross to his wife. I reminded her that she never corrected him in childhood when he spoke improperly to his sister. Of course, the habit no doubt became confirmed. I once told in *The Cheerful Letter* an anecdote which I now venture to repeat: Calling upon a friend, her son, a boy of ten, burst into the room, and passing his little sister, a child of four, shook her violently by the shoulders; and all the mother said was, "Don't do that, dear; Nelly is not used to playing with boys." "Well, she has got to get used to it," said the boy.

A very sad instance of the result of not learning self-control came to my notice. A man who was an only son was so indulged in childhood, that when grown up and married he had so little command over himself that his wife, a lovely, affectionate, and conscientious woman, finally left him and took her little girl. He was not a bad man;

he was generous in some ways and perfectly upright in his life as to morals, but his temper became unendurable.

In the next article I will tell how those boys with an irritable temper should be treated.

THE EDITOR.

## *NATURAL HISTORY.*

### "FILAX," FRIEND OF THE SOLDIER.

Braving the dangers of that shell-torn area known as "No Man's Land" times without number, and credited with saving the lives of one hundred wounded French soldiers, is the record of Filax, German sheep-dog and Red Cross worker who visited this country a few months ago on furlough granted by the French Minister of the Interior.

Filax was brought to the United States for exhibition purposes, and now belongs to L. F. Wanner of Hempstead, L. I. He is four years old and weighs seventy-five pounds. He is a hero many times over and the object of attention wherever he goes.

How the Red Cross dogs do their work, searching out the hiding-places of the wounded soldiers even before the deadly fire of the enemy has ceased, bringing back some evidence of their findings, and conducting the rescuers to the spot where lies the wounded man,—all this has been repeatedly described during the progress of the war. One of the most remarkable exhibitions of a dog's sagacity, however, was given by Filax in his long list of rescues. It stands as a supreme proof of his fidelity as well as his superior intelligence.

A French lieutenant, in command of a raiding party, fell into a German trap, with the result that his command was cut to pieces. He himself was so badly wounded that he was unable to regain his own trenches. He dragged himself down a declivity, and lay at full length behind a boulder, where the searchers for the wounded overlooked him. When he fell his helmet rolled off and in some manner was hidden under his doubled-up body. There he remained, and there he would have died if Filax, on one of his scouting expeditions, had not found him. The dog looked in vain for the helmet, and, not finding it, squatted upon his haunches and slowly, methodically, licked the face of the unconscious soldier. This must have acted as a restorative, for presently the wounded man opened his eyes, and seeing what manner of visitor had come to him, pulled out the helmet from under his body and gave it to the dog. Shortly after a rescue party, headed by the indomitable Filax, found him and brought him in.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

## *CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.*

### THE SNOW IMAGE:

#### A CHILDISH MIRACLE.

*(Continued from last number.)*

"What imaginative little beings my children are!" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are! I can hardly help believing, now, that the snow-image has really come to life!"

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out, and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich inheritance of his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent. But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow; so that the good lady could look all over the garden, and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children! A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives. The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere, out of doors, was already growing very cold.

But, after opening the house-door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child, after all, or only a light

wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind. There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood, the lady could remember no such face, with its pure white, and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks. And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl, when sending her out to play, in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them, except a very thin pair of white slippers. Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface; while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

Once, in the course of their play, the strange child placed herself between Violet and Peony, and taking a hand of each, skipped merrily forward, and they along with her. Almost immediately, however, Peony pulled away his little fist, and began to rub it as if the fingers were tingling with cold; while Violet also released herself, though with less abruptness, gravely remarking that it was better not to take hold of hands. The white-robed damsel said not a word, but danced about, just as merrily as before. If Violet and Peony did not choose to play with her, she could make just as good a playmate of the brisk and cold west wind, which kept blowing her all about the garden, and took such liberties with her, that they seemed to have been friends for a long time. All this while, the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snow-drift, or how a snow-drift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet, and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister, whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother, and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

At this instant a flock of snow-birds came flitting through the air. As was very natural, they avoided Violet and Peony. But, —and this looked strange,—they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance. She, on her part, was evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom; another put its bill to her lips. They were as joyous, all the while, and seemed as much in their element, as you may have seen them when sporting with a snow-storm.

"Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?" — *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

*(To be continued.)*

## THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

### I.

A KING'S MOVE PUZZLE.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1<br>E | 2<br>I | 3<br>K | 4<br>S | 5<br>L | 6<br>O | 7<br>S | 8<br>K |
| 9<br>F | 10<br>N | 11<br>M | 12<br>L | 13<br>S | 14<br>D | 15<br>O | 16<br>B |
| 17<br>C | 18<br>A | 19<br>L | 20<br>F | 21<br>T | 22<br>P | 23<br>S | 24<br>O |
| 25<br>M | 26<br>S | 27<br>M | 28<br>I | 29<br>S | 30<br>O | 31<br>R | 32<br>G |
| 33<br>E | 34<br>E | 35<br>O | 36<br>A | 37<br>G | 38<br>C | 39<br>I | 40<br>A |
| 41<br>A | 42<br>R | 43<br>V | 44<br>L | 45<br>I | 46<br>E | 47<br>Y | 48<br>D |
| 49<br>S | 50<br>D | 51<br>G | 52<br>E | 53<br>E | 54<br>T | 55<br>S | 56<br>N |
| 57<br>E | 58<br>L | 59<br>S | 60<br>N | 61<br>K | 62<br>C | 63<br>A | 64<br>C |

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess), until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been rightly made, twelve things found on the tree at Christmas may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

II.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS.

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail an oppressive burden, and leave a young bear. 2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail affected by shame, and leave a hog's thigh. 3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail unusual, and leave fled. 4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail winked, and leave a black fluid. 5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail one to whom something is assigned, and leave a lettered board. 6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a train of attendants, and leave a metal. 7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail in a human manner, and leave an adult male person. 8. Doubly behead and doubly curtail distracted, and leave an emmet. 9. Doubly behead and doubly curtail distributed into classes and leave, to reduce to order. When the beheadings and curtailings have been rightly made, the initials of the nine little words will spell the name of a day enjoyed by all.

III.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 7, 8, 6, is a rug.
My 4, 9, is a verb.
My 3, 8, 6, is an animal.
My 1, 8, 6, is an animal.
My 7, 8, 5, 6, is part of a ship.
My 7, 4, 9, 6, is a fog.
My 2, 8, 6, is something you wear.
My *whole* is a holiday.

—*I. L. L., in The Beacon.*

IV.

THE BERRY GAME.

What berry is a domestic fowl?
What berry represents the act of overfilling?
What berry is a primitive lady?
What berry is a part of a fence?
What berry is a harsh sound?
What berry is a filmy cloth?
What berry is a pleasant drink?
What berry is a boy's name?
What berry does the seamstress use?
What berry lies on the grass in the morning?
What berry reminds you of a colored boy?

—*Selected.*

V.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In home, but not in barn.
In air, but not in ire.
In ship, but not in boat.
In open, but not in shut.
In yard, but not in field.
In nest, but not in box.
In east, but not in north.
In west, but not in south.
In yen, but not in cent.
In head, but not in mouth.
In state, but not in country.
In front, but not in back.
My *whole* is a form of greeting.

*Answers to puzzles in the November number.*

I. AFTER THE WEDDING: 1. Ambrosia, nectar, Angelica. 2. A mourning bride. 3. Moneywort. 4. Catnip. 5. Thimbleberry, Adam's thread and needle, and Spanish needles. 6. Venus fly-trap or catch-fly. 7. Honesty. 8. Boneset. 9. Phlox. 10. Balm. 11. Box or hardhack. 12. Broom. 13. Clover. 14. Hop. 15. Nightshade. 16. Virgin's bower. 17. Matrimony vine. 18. Olive. 19. Rue. 20. All thyme. 21. He was elder. 22. Canterbury bells, bellflower, and harebells. 23. Golden chain, goldthread, and painted cup. 24. Pomegranate, plum, pink cherry. 25. Prince's feather and crown imperial, Turk's cap, monk's hood. 26. Venus looking-glass. 27. Water carpet. 28. Button-bush. 29. Jewelweed, Ladies' eardrops, gem fruit, and ten-weeks stock. 30. Sidesaddle flower. 31. Brake. 32. Scarlet runner. 33. Baby's breath. 34. Robert geranium, narcissus, robin's plantain, wild timothy or wild basil, rattlebox, creeping charlie, dock, oleander, sweet basil. 35. Sweet cicely, lily, mignonette, amaranth, sweet fern, eglantine, flora, rose, lavender, violet, hyacinth, myrtle, pansy, lettuce, hazel, olive, zinnia. 36. Heart's-ease. 37. "This beets all." 38. Thrift. 39. Whistle-wood. 40. Umbrella tree. 41. Tree of heaven. 42. Canary-bird. 43. Touch-me-not. 44. Snapdragon and bybush. 45. Dogberry and bay. 46. Lady-of-the-lake. 47. Balsam. 48. Loosestrife. 49. Lovage. 50. Chestnut. 51. Parsley. 52. Cowslip. 53. Orange.

II. DIAMOND:

E
A S P
E S T E R
P E T
R

III. HEROES AND HEROINES: 1. St. Ronan's Well. 2. Jane Eyre. 3. Ivanhoe. 4. Kenilworth. 5. The Talisman. 6. Midsummer Night's Dream.

IV. SOBRIQUETS: 1. Elizabeth of England. 2. Victor Emmanuel of Italy. 3. Ivan IV. of Russia. 4. Louis XIV. of France. 5. William of Normandy.

V. ENIGMA: Somebody's killed a Chinaman.

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

---

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

---

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

---

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is now 633 Third Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

---

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, January 4, 1918, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are invited to be present.

---

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following lady has volunteered to take charge of the music:—

FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, APPLY TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

---

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

---

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

---

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cent a year.

---

**Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.**

---

**Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.**

---

**Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.**